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Original Poetry.

I AM LINGERING LONELY NOW

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MEMO

I am lingering lonely now,
In the world's cold crowds away,
Where the footsteps flutter by,
Yet no Summer-warmed spot
Holds the made those old hours glad—
Flowers that made her roses wreath
There have withered, vanished all.

And in second look—sweet heart
Somehow now that wonder die,
With a sad, unlearning tone,
Once known as dear and true—
What a name at all is now.
And the thrilling, tender tone,
Where I heard my second hour,
In the fair land found so well
Cold, repulsive coldness now.

Yonder, where the grave-yard trees,
Cold as coldness, rise and wave,
Through which winds the cloud, wind,
As it sighs and moans,
I have been each and every—
Have been, and shall be always—
Where the sleeping dead lie down,
Lonely in the world.

Lonely, lonely, lonely now,
Lonely as the world can be,
Where the footsteps flutter by,
Yet no Summer-warmed spot
Holds the made those old hours glad—
Flowers that made her roses wreath
There have withered, vanished all.

THE RETURN OF THE LOST.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

I was lounging at midnight by three million—
That I've counted and recounted, and it's nearly a
day.
Some notes and one bonnet that went from me the
season.
Comes rushing upon from the West and the city.
The matter is called from the passing train,
And handed to me by a man with a well-seasoned
The mail bag's thrown in grimness and gravity,
And I'm left to myself in the car.

Oh! by now they had left me so good and so true,
Such sense, gentle death, came with darkness and
And I knew that their steps had but followed the years
Of a kind, loving heart, and a true.
My heart leaned on mind Nature's pleasing themes—
Its wonders, its glories, its mystery, and love—
And I counted the impulse home
Of a heart that was true.

Their come one their tone in my quiet ears,
They loved to the right home over and over,
Then went the dear words that were spoken so true,
That my head sunk long since cannot sleep be cry
Then home one sit, thrusters noise quiet my sleep,
Then I'm in the car with the cold, and the dark,
And I'm left to myself in the car.

Pictures of Life.

NEW-YEAR IN THE LITTLE ROUGH-CAST HOUSE

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE INITIAL," "THE VALE OF SHADOWS," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.
THE LITTLE HOUSE.

The young couple passed the winter months with the mother of the bride. As soon as the weather was opened, Frank engaged his business—law, Mr. Faithful, to build for them a small, two-story, rough-cast cottage, upon the land next to the rear. The cottage was upon the same straight plan of other houses in the street, with a small garden behind, and the flower yard in front. All the hostess time of the evening being spent in the kitchen, were now transformed to laying out and planting beds of kitchen vegetables or parterres of flowers, so that about the time of the cottage was completed, the flowers and the table vegetables were beginning to grow.

Mrs. Anderson had announced to Frank her intention to furnish the cottage, and to make her handsome present to him and Lydia to choose the furniture. The mother's devotion, and the daughter's affectionate gratitude, had been made the theme of many a long conversation between them. They were fond to—Goggan's," and inquiring feel of each other's wishes, and of the most suitable way to all proper, from customer, plan stamped pure, to the most highly finished mere mould. But one article of furniture Frank had insisted upon for himself, and certainly very cheap, yet too costly for his present circumstances—a handsome set of French bedstead, bureau with sweeping mirror, wardrobe, wash-stand and chairs, of rose wood, pure, but painted pure white, and so highly varnished as to resemble porcelain.

"Oh, mother, look! How so beautiful! this is lovely! do get this! What is the price of this, Mr. Goggan?"

"Eighty dollars for the whole set, madam—very low! we make ours to something by them."

"That means a great deal of money, but indeed they are worth it—mother?"

"Well, yes, my dear."

"I like this white set—come," said she, drawing her mother nearer to the object of her admiration, "but set so—mother—they will look so beautiful, all in a row, the bedstead in the middle of the chamber, with a straw matting on the floor, and with white dimity curtains at the windows, and a white Marseilles counterpane on the bed by them, mother?"

"But, it will cost very much more than I had calculated to spend upon chamber furniture."

"Oh! well, dear mother, you know that we have set more out Frank purchase the rest of the things needful."

"But, my love, Frank has already contracted debt for lumber to build your house, and he owes, also, for the work. Frank must not be called upon to spend much!"

"Oh, but mother, I will economize, indeed I will."

"My dear, I have tried all that, and I know by bitter experience that you can never make up by close economy for past extravagance. Experience is the best teacher, but unfortunately is a sole rule. Always, if possible, economize before an utmost. Expenditure—although at the hour—indeed afterwards, it is usually follows."

"But, mother, to come back to the subject of this chamber furniture. I shall never be content set with dull, red paint bedsteads and bureaus, now that I have seen these porcelain! Mother, I have the picture of a pure, clean, sweet chamber, to the realization of which, this white furniture is essential—so positively necessary, and I cannot do without it!"

"You shall have it, my love."

"Oh! mother, how I thank you—I know and feel that I am selfish in this, and that you are self-devoted—are magnanimous! Yes, mother, I know how unsightly I am, without being able to be anything else but unsightly."

The mother sighed. The daughter looked up with interest—with an expression of pain crossing her features.

"Dear mother, do you think me very selfish?"

"Lydia," was all she said, in a tone of pregnant indulgence in the young woman, and while there was nowhere to decision her knowledge of the fact, she lacked the moral courage to rebuke the daughter whose else was so soon about to leave her.

The purchase was made, and the furniture was home. It was Mrs. Anderson's happiness to see everything she undertook thoroughly. Lydia's room was furnished with everything needful, and more, even down to the smallest details—such as that the bedgowns and beds removed into it.

Very early the day the lady when left to other solitude. She had gone home with the young couple, last night, to tea, and returned home immediately after. Very lonely it was to go to bed in the silent house—very lonely to rise and go breakfast for one—very successful to eat that meal in solitude, and to feel that this was the first day of many days, of months, of years—no, it never—no, it never! Lydia—no, it never! Lydia—no, it never! Lydia

Original Lectures.

MR. DANA'S LECTURES.

SHAKSPEARE IN THE SUPERNATURAL.
REPORTED VERBATIM BY THE NEW-YORK STATIONER POST-MASTER.

LECTURE V.

Mr. Dana commenced with observing that the object of this lecture was to consider the characteristics of Shakspeare in the supernatural—and even the attendant attributes and what the influences upon our minds, of the supernatural beings, created and embodied by his genius and fancy—and in this production he excelled all his contemporaries and all the older dramatists. How finely the play as the Tempest opened upon us—with a storm off the shore, people on their knees praying, and sailors swearing—during a storm caused by the imaginary Prospero! How interesting the scene and, women of the island—when an airy spirit (Ariel) appeared, and Prospero inquires:—

"Hast thou, Spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?"

Ariel replies:—

"To every article
I boarded the king's ship, &c.

* * * * * * *

——sometimes I'd dividuate,
Of the dreadful thunder-claps," &c.

And again Ariel described the leaping of the King's son, Ferdinand, from the ship, with hair up-starting, and crying—

"Hell is empty;
And all the devils are here."

How powerful his description of the storm. The storm ceases. "Was't I," Caliban—"was't I not wood enough?" And forth crawls an ungainly, ignorant, tempest, malignant creature—a human beast—the long-here offspring of the foul witch Sycorax. How natural—how existent and real did all these beings appear, and even "this isle is full of noise." Where lies this island, filled with such marvels? Is it not fairy-land, with its green and lovely shades, its streams and bough-pastures? Do we not find our bodies ravished as we wander over it? Not at all. We find it as it were on a beautiful island in the Mediterranean, washed by that all-sealed sea. We are not conscious of the strain upon our faculties. All goes on with the naturalness of every-day life—and we seem convinced that such things are, and can be, and ever-come as like a summer cloud, without our special wonder. In the concrete the great power of the master—and it so acts with the reader, as the writer draws the reader into sympathy with himself. In the way the offspring of his mind continuously originally with his conceptions, ready to be made by action, into closer and closer union with his. So natural does it all seem, that the less we marvel, suggested on the marvel—but the more we warrant the power, the greater the power. It unbats our sympathy from our faculties and admissions. For a time we are changed into the listener (seemingly) of the author—we are as sympathy with the various forms of his creation. So we move with facility and not with wonder, when cannot naturally draw a man's own mind. So it works naturally through the supernatural, so we become in sympathy with him in the natural through the supernatural—and thus our union depends on our association with the author's mind. We act gracefully and wonderfully male, but we do not act ways wonder at it—for thus by mental sympathy, the production of an author seem as natural to us as our own thoughts. Our self-consciousness is lost—lost in Shakspeare's mind. What a world like Shakspeare has the universality of humanity be taken cognizance of the whole of our mind. We are unconscious of our union with him, (being his family blended with our inner or spiritable for us be to be conscious of the absorption—and it probably why the marvellous seems so natural to our observation—why we regard also the supernatural as being so natural. It is the agency of a mysterious power, like that of Him, to whom we live, and move and have our being. The superstitions are brought near to our minds by the magic of Shakspeare's hand, transformed as it were, into gems, and it unites itself humanly and naturally with our human nature, our sympathies and affections. The highest exercise of the imagination is not shown to what it manifests and astonishing. That is an insane strength, producing its progidies from a morbid craving after the prodigious sinews and the result is a monster—the product of a literary monstrosity, at variance with all the laws of nature—and only effective, because it is defective. It has no harmony with nature—no poetical symmetry. Starting objects are usually produced by subtleness—or separated from the laws of our being that we are astonished, when we find no sympathy or image in connection with self. The we set down our feelings to the moving power of the author. This property of our nature—so best, what is it? What can it be? We set down all to the power of the writer. In some minds strangeness passes for originality—the appetite for the vague or mutagey for genius—but we must not estimate the completion and genius of an author by the power to excite us—for if such were the correct view, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fiel or Massinger, would have to give way before many a modern playwright. It is the extent, variety and universality of Shakspeare's mind that distinguishes him from all other minds. He may be truly called the demiurgus of the human race. He presents us with a microcosm of all tribes, of all nations; for we see them him all tribes—suffused upon millions, men of all ranks, trades, professions, character and circumstances—and each—each owning in relation to others, yet each separate and distinct. Then the elements are also opposed to him—the earth, the winds, the clouds, the trees have voices—the streams and rills—all mankind, the varied, painted birds—it in fact, the peopled Earth! In the effect upon us, the characters are natural—his contrasts are harmonious—time and space become subject thereto of the infinite. That does not arise from the few many characters—but from the who and what from their quality. A mere aggregate of fine words would have been nothing to our minds. For it is not so. We may apprehend Shakspeare—not comprehend him. His universality embraces certainty, but variety in certainty, like the works Adam, which typifies the universe. Look at mountains—and there are different sounds, branches diversified upward—but if unity be preserved, then all is harmony—a unity more within and around us and out of congress has remote for thought to range the round course to us. In with Shakspeare, the race of man in mass, as it were, into one individual—capable of embracing the whole sphere of mankind by his spirit, yet not penetrating it and permeated by it. His sublime and marvellous creations are parts of his consciousness—are were all lights and shadows are falling, producing every variety and beauty to the same. His life streams flow on to the infinite and all-comprehending sea. If our minds are brought into the region of the marvellous by the mind of the poet we naturally—though we witness the powers of contemplate, we shall not be startled by them. We may rarely believe that this or an attribute of the Divine mind, though not every thing that we experience naturally shall excite to surprise. There is not an existence of the soul that we must not call a foreshadowing of a future. The spiritual is a state of being above the natural. The supernatural is not thought and theory to be accustomed up to it—to that higher world—by its congeniality of the poet. In the world above—as that below us—how late to estimate—how fail estimate! Let it is because Shakspeare is the universal man, that there is existence in his mind such an emanating in his universe. How his imagination—how his feature—the smiling infant on the lap of the rough tark. So kind is Nature that she sets not even limits to what is term—for the reason Age to assume Youth again. He hath breathed into us the spirit which we breathe in to—existence and proximation—and what can surpass the exquisite feature, and nonsight for and nature, embrace of the Divine mind? Look at the meeting in the moon of his verse, that we may well say with Ariel—as the moon is the moon. What can be more beautiful than the song or reply to one who asks, "whence would you rest?"

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows," &c.

Hear another, from the Midsummer Night's Dream, where the fairies sing their queen, Titania, to sleep:—

"You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen,
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong—
Come not near our fairy queen.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence.
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm and snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby."

We find the same imagery of nature and scenery to unite with fairies, fairy spells, which is with the mind, sense or fresh fragrant—but the change is rendered harmonic with the accompany and delighted being—half human and half brute—such as conic, pig-nuts, brize, and the blind mole—and how finished the curse to which the poet has given utterance in the following:—

"All the charms of Titania's

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1850.

A COMPLIMENT.

In a recent letter to the "Home Journal," Grace Greenwood pays the following well merited compliment to the Messrs. Craige, proprietors of the principal riding-school of this city:

You will remember that I was rather on the sick-list while in New York. Thanks to the skill of my excellent physician, my troublesome cough was soon silenced; but it left me weakened and dispirited. I felt the need of some healthful, invigorating exercise, and walking during the late detestable weather, was quite out of the question. Fortunately a friend, an enthusiastic equestrian, invited me to accompany her to the Riding-School. I jumped at the proposition, of course—it was *the* thing I needed. I joined her that morning, and on every day since have spent an hour or two in the ring.

The School of which I speak is that of the Messrs. Craige, gentlemen who are truly masters of their beautiful art. The elder Craige has taught in this city for seventeen or eighteen years, and is justly and widely celebrated as an instructor. Many an elegant Philadelphian, whose fine riding is an enviable distinction at Newport, Nahant, and the watering places, owes all her skill and much of her grace to his excellent system and thorough training.

The riding of the younger Craige strikes me as absolutely perfect. It is surpassingly graceful, yet that is not all. It is bold and manly, yet that is not all. It is unconscious in its grace, and more gentlemanly than dashing. It is neither nonchalant nor mechanical, and you have the idea that it is more a pleasure than a profession. He seems to have magnetic relations with the horse he rides, and one could almost believe that any and every animal he might mount would at once become graceful and tractable to his hand. In short, he seems born to the dominion of horse flesh.

The manner of this teacher strikes me as admirable. There is a military energy about it that I like. His tones are, indeed, sometimes startlingly quick, rather loud and peremptory, and this is right. At a Riding School we do not want advice, but direction—not mild suggestions, but commands. We do not want a groom or a gallant, but a master.

The Messrs. Craige deserve all praise for the order and discipline with which their establishment is conducted—their enthusiasm in their art, and their strict and honorable attention to the best interests of their pupils.

I hear that horsemanship is becoming more and more fashionable with the ladies of Philadelphia. I know that I meet many of the *elite* at the School, and beautiful creatures are some of them—beautiful and happy, as you would say could you see the bright eyes and flushed cheeks, the "shining morning faces"—and hear the sudden peals of childish laughter ringing out, amid the musical rattle of merry voices. And no where, certainly, could these gay equestrians display their symmetrical figures to better advantage than mounted on Mr. Craige's well-trained horses, many of which are animals of extraordinary beauty.

I need scarcely add that the time which I have given to my riding lessons has not been in any sense misspent. There was very much for me to learn in horsemanship, and my health is daily becoming firmer and more vigorous.

As ever, yours,
GRACE GREENWOOD.

PENN'A. LEGISLATURE.

The Senate organized by the election of Mr. Valentine Best, of Luzerne and Columbia, as Speaker. The Democrats had a majority of one in the Senate. Mr. Brawley was their caucus candidate. Whereupon, after several votings, the Whigs threw their votes for Mr. Best (a Democrat), and it being a tie, Mr. Best told the Clerk to call his name, and *modestly* (?) voted himself into the Speakership.

In the House, Mr. McCalmont, (Dem.) of Clarion, was elected Speaker, by a vote of 55 to 33.

The following are the most interesting proceedings thus far:

Mr. Ives presented a bill for the enactment of a general law relating to the fences of this Commonwealth. The same gentleman presented a bill for the passage of a law exempting the homestead from sale by execution.

Mr. Laird presented a bill authorizing the bestowal of gold medals on the volunteers who had served in the Mexican campaign. On motion of Mr. McClintock, the bill was referred to a Special Committee.

The Houses have not got fully at work yet. The Committees are now appointed, however, and they will doubtless plunge at once into business.

Miscellaneous.

HISTORY AND PRACTICE OF DUELLING.

In the debates of the Kentucky Convention, we observe that some of the ablest men there have arrayed themselves against the foolish as well as wicked practice of duelling. Among them is the Hon. Ben Hardin, from whose speech we extract the following correct account of this extraordinary practice:

In the course of my readings as to the history of mankind, I have turned my attention some little to this subject; and, sir, from the days of Nimrod, the mighty hunter of Babylon, down to about three hundred years ago, I have not found a single instance where a private, personal quarrel was settled by a duel. In every case where there were personal combats, they were for public and not private considerations. The private combats before the walls of Troy, and the walls of Jerusalem, were fought by men in each of the armies opposed to each other, and in behalf of each army. Such was the character of the case referred to by the gentleman, (Mr. Nuttall,) between the three brothers of the *Horatii* and the *Curiatii*. There the fate of the battle, it was agreed, should turn upon their success. There is no instance of the modern duel presented, until we come down to the time when Francis I., of France, gave the challenge to Charles V., King of Spain, and Emperor of Germany. There the practice took its origin, and it has been in existence ever since. And why is it? Because there is a notion, a ridiculous kind of opinion going abroad, invisible, intangible, and which no man can touch, called the code of honor, which compels a man to fight in certain cases. Thus: do you want to kill me? No. Do I want to kill you? No. But there is some imaginary insult—some supposed injury, and some sickly sensibility feels itself insulted, and asks for an explanation. The man who is asked, feels a little too proud to give it, and the parties correspond a little, and finally fight—and all about nothing.

We know that duelling does not stop killing in the streets, or assassination in the highways. No, sir, this is a mistake, and nothing will stop it but a sense of certain, positive, and speedy punishment. And how are we to stop the practice of duelling? We are to furnish men who are in doubt as to a point of honor, with a competent apology for attending a duel. That is all we want. There is not a man in the world, enjoying health, and who has friends and connexions around him, that does not love life. Look at the man in the last agonies of death, and see how he clings to life. And why? Because he loves life. And yet a false notion of honor, or rather a false public opinion, will force the man in fine health to hazard his life to a false notion of honor. Frederick the Great of Prussia, was one of the ablest and [illegible]

[illegible]

A "Knocking at the Door," at nights, which has alarmed the good people of Rochester, who attributed it to spiritual agency, is explained in the American Journal of Science, by Professor Loomis, as the effect of the vibration of a dam over which water falls. Professor Loomis describes this vibrating as producing sounds like a loud knocking on the doors and walls of buildings, and gives a particular account of the phenomenon, as observed at the dams of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; East Windsor, Conn.; Springfield, Mass.; Northampton, Mass.; Gardiner, Maine, and Hartford, Conn. He attributes the vibrations to the friction of the running water which falls over the dam, and shows how these sounds are transmitted to a distance by the earth, and produce that sudden and alarming knocking sound in dwellings. Professor Loomis has pointed out very simple and easy methods of checking this vibratory action in the dams, and the people of Rochester, who have been troubled by an invisible spirit, will find it easily exercised by mechanical means.

General News.

Attempt to Improve the Condition of the Needle Women of London.—The distressed needle women of London, have been made the object of a Commission of Inquiry instituted by the Morning Chronicle. Three gentlemen well known in literature have examined the state of this unfortunate class, and the result is, that there lives in London a body of about 33,000 women permanently at the starvation point; working at the wages of a few pence a-day.

"The greater portion of these poor creatures, living, as they do, far beyond the social state, resort to prostitution, as a means of eking out their miserable subsistence; whenever the pressure threatens their extinction, then they turn into the street, and pauperism runs into inevitable vice.—Since the disclosures of the Morning Chronicle, many humane persons have forwarded considerable sums of money to the office of that journal for distribution among the most necessitous objects; and Mr. Sidney Herbert has come forward to found a society for promoting their emigration. There is something like half a million of women in excess of men in Great Britain; there is a corresponding excess of males in the British Australian Colonies. The Society above mentioned aims to bring these marriageable parties in contact; and it is hoped, that when once it is in operation, Government will assist it with funds. It costs some £15 to transport a passenger to Australia. Now, if private benevolence raises a sum of £30,000, this will only relieve 2,000 of the sufferers; a mere fraction, whose absence would not be sensible in the metropolis. It would require ten times that amount to lade out the misery to the proper extent, and also to satisfy the wants of the Colonists."

The Hall of Representatives.—Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois, writing to his paper from Washington, in regard to the Hall of the House of Representatives, says:

"It is not generally known that so poorly were the principles of acoustics consulted in the construction of the Hall, that two men may be whispering together so low that their next neighbor cannot hear them, and yet all they say is distinctly heard on the opposite side of the House. Men often address the Speaker on one side of the House, and he turns his eyes in recognise them on the opposite side, mistaking the echo for the voice itself. A gentleman who was occupying the Speaker's Chair many years since, told me that he had heard in his seat, amid a warm debate below, the whispering of a young man in what is called "the love corner" of the ladies gallery, who was making proposals to a young lady in so low a tone that her own mother did not know what was going on. Said my informant, 'I was attending to her duties and she was attending to mine.'"

Something New Under the Sun.—A thieves' convention has been held in London for the purpose of adopting measures to procure an honest livelihood. Two hundred and seven avowed thieves attended. The meeting was opened with *prayer* and a *hymn*. An address was proposed to Lord Ashley, asking if any hope was presented of their obtaining an honest living in the British Colonies. His Lordship expressed his willingness to befriend them, as it was his duty to do. He candidly told them that there was little hope for them, unless they turned their attention to the back settlements of the New World. Suggestive of levity as may be these facts, there is something serious and solemn in them. "We must steal or die," was the response of one of the thieves; "prayer is very good, but it will not fill an empty stomach." Can anything be more expressive of the depraving influences of the social evils of English society.

Abbott Lawrence and the Nicaragua Question.—Mr. Lawrence, our minister at London, at a recent anniversary dinner in England, in answer to a toast took occasion to refer to the Nicaragua question. He said—

"He begged, however, to say that the United States asked for no exclusive privileges in either of these schemes. They would ask this country to subscribe with themselves towards the accomplishment of these great objects. They would ask Great Britain to join with them in guaranteeing a neutrality of interest in these great highways.—They asked for no exclusive privileges, and they did not mean to grant any. The territory should be open to all the world; and so far as the United States were concerned, the communications he had alluded to should be dedicated to the benefit of mankind."

These remarks are looked upon as embodying the views of the Administration, at Washington, upon this subject.

Personal Liability.—On the 1st inst., a "personal liability clause" went into operation in the State of New York. It provides that—

"The stockholders in every corporation and jointstock association for banking purposes, issuing bank notes, or any kind of paper credits to circulate as money, after the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty, shall be individually responsible to the amount of their respective share or shares of stock in any such corporation or association, for all its debts and liabilities of every kind, contracted after the said first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty."

This applies to all the Banks of issue in the State. In case of insolvency, bill holders have preference over all other creditors.

The Message.—The President's Message was transmitted from Baltimore by the same manipulations and the same operator of the Telegraph to Harrisburg, Carlisle, Pittsburg, Steubenville, Wheeling, Zanesville, Columbus, Springfield, Dayton, Cincinnati, Canton, Massillon, Cleveland, Sandusky, Detroit, Erie, and Buffalo. But for the breaking of the line at Louisville, it would also have been communicated to St. Louis, Gale[illegible]

[illegible]

ALMANAC FOR 1850.

FOR THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MONTHS	Sunday, 1st Day.	Monday, 2d Day.	Tuesday, 3d Day.	Wed'day, 4th Day.	Thursday, 5th Day.	Friday, 6th Day.	Saturday, 7th Day.
January, 1st Month.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
February, 2nd Month.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28		
March, 3rd Month.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
April, 4th Month.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
May, 5th Month.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
June, 6th Month.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
July, 7th Month.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
August, 8th Month.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
September, 9th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
October, 10th Month.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
November, 11th Month.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
December, 12th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				

Ingratitude.—Edward Youl, and indigent young writer whom the Howitts brought to the notice [illegible]

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, Chas. S. Hall, E. A. Evans, Jas. Clark, John W. Allen, and P. Locke.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States; assisted by *J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, J. W. Armstrong, Perrin Locke, W. Ramsay, and G. Stearman.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee, assisted by *B. B. Brett.*

R. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

CHARLES S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions from new subscribers in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

GEORGE H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
Of MILTON BOULEMET, *Mobile, Alabama.*
Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*
Of GEO. W. NOBLE, *Louisville, Ky.*
Of J. GISH & BROTHER, *Lancaster, Pa.*
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., *Baltimore, Md.*
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Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE & Co., *No. 24 Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.*
Of WELD & Co., *New Orleans, La.*
Of J. W. RANDOLPH & Co., *Richmond, Va.*
Of W. ADAM, *Washington, D. C.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 25th to the 31st Dec.

Dec. 25, received from

B. B. Evans	$2 00	J. W. Beecher	5 00
J. Paul	2 00	M. Bradish & Co.	7 50
S. M. Rusk	5 00	F. M. Hale	5 00
J. Hotter	2 00	D. Dewitt	1 00
M. Robertson	5 00	W. Hogne	10 00
S. S. Smith	10 00	G. F. Sturges	9 87
J. J. Wagoner	10 00	G. B. Mason	10 00
J. Gardner, Jr.	15 00	G. W. Hood	26 00
T. H. Bakewell	24 00	W. Ruddock	2 00
J. Pannille	5 00	R. N. Henna	10 00
R. Carter	2 00	J. R. Jackson	2 00
J. W. Moore	4 00	W. F. Wynkoop	24 00
L. Saunders	5 00	T. McMichael	6 00
Col. D. Ammen	1 00	J. F. Ramm	12 00
W. C. Feckry	2 00	A. D. Brady	20 00
W. Barnard	10 00	N. H. Lynn & Co.	15 00
J. Gunning	20 00		

December 26.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

On the 12th ultimo, at the Parsonage of the M. E. Church, by the Rev. T. J. Thompson, Mr. Mott Wiggins, of Philadelphia, to Miss Anna Richardson, of Philadelphia, formerly of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 13th ultimo, at the same place, Mr. Joseph Haines, to Miss Rebecca A. White, both of Salem, N. J.

On the 2d inst. by the Mayor of Philadelphia, Mr. John A. Seal, to Miss Gulielma M. Fell, both of Delaware county.

At Germantown, on the 6th ult. by the Rev. T. Bradford, Mr. Nathaniel Longshore, to Miss Elizabeth Sorsy.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Demme, Lieut. Charles N. Pelouze, to Miss Edith Fennefield, all of this city.

On the 29th of Sept. by Ald. Clinton, Mr. Charles Thomas, of Washington City, D. C. to Miss A. Black, daughter of Mr. Thomas Black, of this city.

On the 5th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Kempton, Dr. Solomon Barrett, of Buffalo, N. Y. to Miss Angelica Bishop, of this city.

At Lambertville, N. J. on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Studdiford, Mr. Daniel Pettitt, of Philadelphia, to Miss Eliza H. daughter of Mr. John H. Anderson, of Lambertville.

Deaths.

[illegible]

NOTICE.—The subscribers have formed a Limited Partnership, under an Act of Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania, passed March 21st, 1836, relative to limited partnerships, for the transaction of the Wholesale Dry Goods business in the city of Philadelphia, under the firm of SINNICKSON, STORMS & MARTIN.

The names of the general partners are Thomas Sinnickson and Henry C. Storms, of the city of Philadelphia, and Prosper D. Martin, of the county of Philadelphia, and the name of the special partner is James R. Gemmill, of the city of Philadelphia. The capital contributed by the special partner, James R. Gemmill, to the common stock, is Twenty Thousand Dollars in cash. Said partnership is to commence the 1st day of January, 1850, and will terminate the 31st day of December, 1852.

THOMAS SINNICKSON,
HENRY C. STORMS,
PROSPER D. MARTIN,
JAMES R. GEMMILL.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1850. jan 12-6t

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, FOR 1850.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER of this Magazine—soon to be published—will contain a story, complete, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, entitled, "The Divorce." This powerful tale is alone worth the price of the number.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

UNRIVALED INDUCEMENTS FOR 1850.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, in coming before the public with a new Prospectus, would respectfully solicit attention to what they have done in the past, as a guarantee for their promises of the future. They may safely say, that no other paper in America has given to its readers so large and well chosen an amount of all kinds of reading, elegant and useful, imaginative and practical, during the last year, as the POST. To say nothing of other tales and sketches, what paper has laid before its subscribers during the past year, four such novelets as "Henry Benson," "The Child Stealer," "Isabel Denison," and "The Deserted Wife!"

And the proprietors of the Post are determined that, if possible, the coming year shall be even a more brilliant *one* than the past. To begin with, they have already secured the following original contributions, which will be published, with many other choice pictures of life, during the coming year:

THE BAYMOUNTS: A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING, A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE: A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE OLD ASTROLOGER, OR, THE PROPHECY FULFILLED: A Novelet, by T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Agnes, or the Possessed," "The Child Stealer," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE: A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

THE BONNET ROUGE; A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION; by MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Palaces and Prisons," "Malina Grey," &c., &c.

We have also made arrangements with GRACE GREENWOOD, for a NEW SERIES of her spirited and interesting LETTERS, during the coming year.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more solid and substantial reading; such as is calculated to improve and inform the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart. Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

The *NEWS OF THE DAY* shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men, a *BANK-NOTE LIST*, a *STOCK LIST*, the *MARKETS*, &c., shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for our *AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.*

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES* of remarkable places are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,		. . . .	$ 5.00,	PER ANNUM.
8	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$10.00,	"
13	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$15.00,	"
20	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$20.00,	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.—When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid.*

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—No deviation from the regular Terms will be practised. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, *we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid.*

A THIRD COLLECTION OF NOTICES.

Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.—This is a pioneer in the line of "Family Newspapers," and instead of showing any signs of dotage or decay, it is decidedly at the head of the list. We have been a reader of the paper for many years, and have just been perusing number 897, vol. XIII., now before us, and dated August 2nd, 1834. It was an excellent paper then, and has been improving ever since, until it is, we think, the *very best of its class.* It is as much ahead of the humbug ——— as the noblest Pennsylvania team horse is ahead of a miserable Mexican donkey. It is neutral in politics and religion, but in matters of public order, morals, justice and humanity, it is always right. So well assured are we of this, so high its tone and character, that we would at any time be willing to endorse [illegible]

Saturday Evening Post.—This is one of the most regular, and of the most welcome literary papers which finds its way to our sanctum. Of the very largest size, its ample columns are filled weekly with an assortment of the most valuable and interesting matter, while its editorials evince a tact and ability not excelled by any of its competitors, if equalled. Some of the most intensely interesting tales and novelettes of the day have graced its columns during the past year, while for the future, the arrangements of the publishers are such as to promise a paper unexcelled in interest and value.—*Montgomery Phœnix, Fort Plain, N. Y.*

Saturday Evening Post.—This best of the mammoth weeklies is the most welcome and regular of our exchanges. It contains the greatest variety of original [illegible]

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

APOLLO IN AMERICA.

STOWE, M.D.

[In the volume of Selections from Count Grosswell's writings, recently published under the title of "Commercial America," are a number of imitations of distinguished American poets, which originally appeared in the Post. Several new ones have been written for the volume among which the false Longfellow imitation of Holmes, is perhaps the most felicitous.—*Editor Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Apollo the god, in reduced circumstances,
Having issued of our land as a land of free chancers,
Embarked from old Greece, crossed the tureless brine,
To try his fortune hand in the book-making line.

In a very large town, in a very deep street,
He ordered a genteel office, although it was small,
And hired in a modest, republican sense,
A small attic room, of a dollar per week.

Thence rang his bold challenge, "Come one and come all!"
Ye lovers of true short collars—more here with a call,—
Hero's verse on the rag'ter and Homeric puns,
Here song set to song—beat that if you can!"

There his spirit rolled back the divine classic age,
Till the dews of Parnassus fell thick on the page;
But now and then paused he, to take a short jog
At some villainous compound, or murdered in a jog

He, brought up on metre, poured, glowing and lonely,
His Muse the blooming, in fair Canyonde!
What heart could refuse him a prize for his song,
As he had himself on that very small hero?

Oh, a charger figure he, from top to the toes!
The count of Olympus, a pally, young god!
Who ended fair Aurora, with scarcely a nod
Played thorns with Venus, and he-pony with her toy!

Who knelt by proud Juno, and smiling to hear
Sweet sayings are meant for the Governor's ear,
Or lounged on a cloud, in the light of the vines,
To hear what he'd give to be sinecures of Muses!

His coat, though as seedy, was not worth a fig,
Unpolished his boots, uncurled was his wig,
All the brass that he had—taking count to the day,
Was a brush with his comforts over the way.

One small point in favor, all drooping and yellow,
Above a sad sweetness, here wrote for to believe.
A close-buttoned waistcoat—But what of his hat?
Fortune, friend, to guide, for he'd none to that!

But nine for his song—his door twenty and glow,
When a shrewd Yankee pubic pronounced it, "No go."

And grim publishers cried his MS with a shrug,
"We grub on at discount, and grow rich by time!"
Then Apollo in fast, murmured and down
By the problems struggle, retired all forlorn.

The depths of his spirit—where lyres and Muses
His brooded fast deep, and renewed a pull

* * * *

A year back past a'nt him—a year, and behold,
How Time's mighty engine fly'rated him so gold!
As well might we number the leaves of a tall tree,
As the sudden silver that brightens his face.

Now the tailor and barber, with gratitude o'ermasked,
With the boot-maker, draper and butter combined,
Have crowned the true bard, crowded in story,
Who more than the money—the money gives!

Now drinks he champagne, from the least of our glass—
While his jacked-red Pegasus turned out to grass.
Young blonde that are rosy, and old ones acute!—
Mr. Carter and Fellow, what thorough-bred boys!

Now he's classified, now sketched, now decayed into shares,
He's drawn and he's quartered, whenever he goes—
Flowerlegans follow him, fasting to lunge,
And his waiting-cards are surrounded as trumps

And now for the moral—we tell, in three days,
Some dingy, common truth in the language of men;
But morals and gods are an oldish connection,
We have gone to a worse—to prose criticism.—

Oh the flesh it is weak, and outlasts is soul,
Young unchristened infants of the world and the devil;
The only chance left us, a shower from heaven!
If our copyright poster, then poverty-ought pulls!

Sketches of Character

ROARERS.

Would the reader believe it, that there are a number of people who get handsomely through the world—nay, get through it with great celebrity—earning, and by nothing else; merely by shouting every thing they have got in any of the top of their voices—at once, by roaring.

We know several persons who have literally reared themselves into notice, solidity, consideration, and influence, without the aid of any other tangible qualification, moral or physical, than a single pair of lungs and a thundering voice. The roarer, or bawyer, (as he might with equal propriety be called,) is, doubtless invariably an ass—a downright ass; and of that he is quite conscious himself, for how could it be a result of that consciousness—its object being to conceal in manner, and fury, and noise, the absolute want of the element that came beneath. It is, in short, an unpremeditated effort to betray you into the belief of a consequence which the roarer cannot lay no other means, and a very successful imposition it is, in the world has an undefined respect for those who keep cashing boldly and vigorously on its notes, and not easily minutely attends to them, but does so with the greatest deference and humility possible. Modest merit and its claims it thrusts aside, without any ceremony; but it may hurry to the roarer to know what are his wishes, and to gratify them if it can: for the world thinks that we body speaks out best those who have good grounds for doing so; this it takes for granted, and hence has the great secret of the roarer's success.

The roarer is generally a person of large size, and somewhat corpulent. We have, indeed, seen small and middle-sized roarers, but they do not get on as well as their bulkier brethren: their roaring is not so impressive, even though the voice be as good. The latter, then, to be entirely successful, requires to be a majestic sort of animal. When he is so, he carries all before him. Let one but see any one roaring—Capital thing! get a roarer with you to a crowded theatre, or any other crowded assembly; he will roar both you and himself into a comfortable situation in a twinkling, be the crowd ever so dense. Were you so placed with him, you would see at once what real deference the people would make way for him: how anxiously they would squeeze themselves aside, in order to let him get on; how promptly they would form a lane for him to pass through, and how majestically he would go roaring up the lane, so formed, to the post he aimed at—the most describing, of course, for the consolation of fellow counterfeits in his wake; taking care, however, to keep close to, for the crowd taking no respect for you, will shut up rapidly behind him.

The roarer's roaring is almost incessant. He commences roaring the moment he gets up of a morning, and continues roaring until he lies down again. He roars for his shaving water, he roars for his boots, he roars for his breakfast, he goes roaring out of the door, he goes roaring up the street, he roars through the business of the day; and, finally, returns roaring to his den. His low growl may be heard even during the night.

The roarer's voice is always good—that is, always loud and sonorous, which, we suppose, arises from the constant exercise it has to go through; or may be, that the discovery of so powerful a passage being suggested the idea of betaking himself to roaring, thus giving to his voice the character of a cause rather than an effect. Be this, however, as it may, the roarer, as we said, has invariably a sonorous voice, and we may add, is always an excellent vocalist, for he roars in tune.

The roarer never argues, never reasons: he has no occasion to; his voice answers the purpose much more effectually and summarily. He will roar down any antagonist, however subtle, however expert, in the science of logic, and that, too, without knowing any thing at all of the subject in discussion. Not knowing, in fact, for the roarer giving himself the trouble of studying any thing but how you cannot, or are supposed to, roar him down, the tedious process of reasoning? None whatever; and he never does.

It may be wondered how the world should allow itself to be imposed upon by the roarer; how it should not insist on his proving—a matter true he is worth, and nothing more. But this wonder would cease on a great number of persons observed closely the influence and effects of his roaring. If you did so, you would find it to be, after all, a very imposing sort of thing; you would find it so as regarded its impression even on yourself.

Suppose, for instance, you carried into conversation with a roarer. Well, you will not have done so half a minute, before you thought the roarer sonorous he strong within you that he is an ass, until you shall have felt a very painful sense of inferiority, proceeding from the influence of your system tense, so continued with the overwhelming din of his roaring intensity. In such case, your wretched attempts at speaking, your feeble sentences, would appear to you to be any thing but sense; sheer insanity, before the magnificence of the roarer's tones. It is at once you quail in your and the consciousness of your speaking vocal sense, and that is a speaking nonsense. It is in vain you fall back on the conviction that you can shout a thousand times better than he. Can you roar so loud? No, you cannot: and therefore must you succumb. The truth is, you get humiliated in the presence of the roarer; you get ashamed of yourself, and mostly sorry, while he stands fast, and triumphantly roars after you. Yet feel a sense of insignificance creeping over you, which is say thing but flattering to your vanity; and this is despite of your having the most profound contempt for the abilities of the roarer. Since physical superiority of lungs carries the day; the roarer once put into a minority.

See, now, how the roarer gets on; see how roarers stop by him the moment he opens his tremendous rear, while you of the feeble voice are hailing after it unheeded and in vain. Nobody pays the smallest attention to you; and if ever you get on at into the coach at all, it must be by your overtaking it, not by its stopping for you.

See, too, with what ease the roarer makes his way into the centre of a crowd in the street, when he wants to know what it is all about; while you, with equal curiosity, are hob-nobbing on the outside, in a vain attempt to get a peep what is going on within. He roars—the crowd opens; he roars again, and he is in the very centre of the thick and the throng; those who compose it observing a very respectful quiet around him, and allowing him to gratify his curiosity at leisure and unfettered.

Mark how instantaneously he commands attention; mark with what deference he is heard when he does speak; how quickly he is answered; how ready is roar; for he never speaks above half-a-dozen words at a time, and he never attempts speeches nor any thing of the sort, for he has neither ideas nor language for such efforts. He accomplishes every thing by short abrupt roars, and allowing to gratify his curiosity at leisure and unfettered.

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